Lost Aggressive Youth

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Lost Aggressive Youth

by MessyScandinoodle

Summary

Young Will travels a special stretch of the Great American Loop every summer to spend time near Baltimore. Young Hannibal is the child of important politicians, and vacations near Baltimore each summer. The two meet, and learn more than they could have thought together.

Notes

This is for thisismydesignhannibal. They were lovely and commissioned me! I hope you enjoy dear :D This is part 1 of... well however many it goes i suppose :P The title is also deceiving and just song lyrics(How original).

Will You Bite Your Tongue?

A small boat drifted lazily along a the east coast, traveling “The Great American Loop”. It’s destination was Baltimore, and it was nearly there. A young man sat on the deck of the boat, admiring the large buildings in the distance. They would be reaching port within the hour, and he couldn’t wait. Despite the fact the home they were going to wasn’t much of anything, outside of Baltimore and just barely livable. It was good enough though, and a nice change from all the people at home.

Once the boat was in port, he quickly helped get it docked, the shipyard workers greeting his father by name. He had connections everywhere from the Navy apparently. He was quick to run up the dock, glad to be able to stretch his restless young legs. The boat ride had been long, and his cheeks were rosy from the sunlight, freckles dark over his cheeks and nose. His hands were already calloused at his young age, worn from working on the boats with his dad. He loved it though, even if he had scars riddling different parts of his body from it. A large one on his hand from a motor, a few scattered on his arms from stray branches while he ran like a wild child in the woods. A few bruises on his knees and shins, mostly from crawling around for various play and boat work.

“William, you be back home by sundown, you got me?” his father called, and Will yelled back to him as he ran up the grassy trail,

“Yes daddy, I promise!” he then ran off down the shoulder of the road, towards the little town. He had some change in his pocket, and ice cream sounded amazing. Mr. Crawford scolded him for coming into the store barefoot, but was glad to see him. As he walked to the counter to pay for his cone, skillfully balanced two ‘scoops’ of ice cream that would probably satisfy a mammoth, a young man stepped past him. Will was about to object and yell at him for cutting, when he spoke to Mr. Crawford,

“I’ll pay for it, and I need the wine mom usually comes in for.” Mr. Crawford let out a sigh at this, warning him he wasn’t supposed to give it to him due to his age.
Will pursed his lips, “hey! I can pay for my own stuff, guy.” His drawl still hung on his words, not very thick, but present.

The young man sighed, and looked Will up and down, as if examining him. It made Will squirm internally, though he kept a brave face on the outside. He glanced to his roaming eyes, red eyes? It had to be the sunlight. Amber eyes most likely. He quickly looked away, too distracting. He instead observed his attire. A suit? A casual suit all be it, but still a suit. Who wore a suit to Crawford’s Mercantile and Goods?

“What is your name?” the assertive boy asked, and Will found himself replying easily,

“Will.”

“I’m Hannibal, and I didn’t mean to offend you. You are more than capable, I’m sure. I would like to though.” Will considered this for a moment, rocking on his bare heels.

“Fine, but you gotta let me do something for you.” They didn’t take charity, his father drilled that into him since he was little. The corners of Hannibal’s eyes crinkled softly, and he gave a slight nod,

Hannibal didn’t even make eye contact though as he paid, and simply walked out. Will inwardly shrieked, who did this guy think he was?! He quickly lapped at his ice cream, thanked Mr. Crawford, then chased Hannibal down the weed infested sidewalk. “Hey! Hey wait up!” He insisted, jogging up to him to keep up.
Hannibal stopped, and waited for him to catch up before he started walking again. Will almost dropped his ice cream, and quickly lapped at it, putting large dents in the giant scoops. Hannibal was only a little revolted that even with being out of breath, Will still insisted on scarfing down the unhealthy treat.

“I have to think about what you can do for me.” He said calmly, “I wasn’t running away from you.” He explained, hands slipping into his pocket as he led the way now down a gravel road, veering away from town.

“A-ah! Hey I don’t got shoes on!” Will announced as he jumped to the shoulder of the road, feet relieved to be in the grass. He could handle walking on just about anything, but rocks were an exception for sure. “I didn’t say you were running away, I told you to wait up.” He retorted. God forbid Hannibal get the notion he wanted to be friendly with him.
Was it really the kids fault though? He lived a very unstable life. Especially with northerners. They seemed to move at the drop of a hat, and by the time he got back from up north, his friends down south had moved on and found new friends, and by the time he got back from down south, his friends up north did the same thing. He learned quickly that there were only a few people who would stick around. The guys at the boatyard would listen to some of the things he said, and his dad was always ready to listen. Or at least hear him. Will had a bad habit of info-dumping about random things he read or watched. Especially if it had to do with dogs.
Those were his best options for company. So he wasn’t going to just jump into investing himself in another person, especially close to his age. The only reason he was even near this guy was because he had paid for his ice cream, and he was definitely not going to get in trouble for accepting someone’s charity.

We May Be Down

Chapter Summary

Its a rocky start, a violent beginning. This only intrigues Hannibal further.

The young teens find common ground in the oddest of things.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took as long as it did. :C

By now, Will's ice cream had dribbled down all over his hand, and he was quickly licking it up. "Where are we going?" He asked between licks. Hannibal realized that Will would stick out like a sore thumb in his house.

"My house, if you don't mind. We have a large backyard, and the woods are divine." Will, of course, didn't miss the fact that Hannibal was trying to impress him, but he nodded all the same. It really did sound nice, and Hannibal seemed alright.

Arriving at the estate, Will's eyes went large. It was all so… *fancy* . The yard was gated, the word " *Lecter* " donned it with large gold letters. Hannibal had to press a button and announce his arrival to get in. The driveway was paved in a large loop so vehicles could drive right up to the door. He assumed this was so the Lecters and their guests didn't have to walk. The grass was immaculately kept, and there were hedges in the shape of various animals. No dogs, but there was a cool lion. The house itself was large, victorian. Like the old farm houses back home. Except much bigger. It was missing a porch, a heinous crime. Though there was a balcony on the third floor.

"How many people live here?" It had to be at least two families. There was no other explanation for a house this big. Ivy crawled up the sides, but it was obviously well kept and for aesthetics.

“My parents and I.” Hannibal stated simply, and looked to Will with a soft smile, “I know it seems excessive.” He noted.

“Excessive? It’s fucking insane!” Just one family? What a waste of space. And with winters it had to be a hell of a thing to heat. “Goddamn, why so much?”

Hannibal’s mouth hung agape for a moment at such language, but soon clamped it shut, “My parents were, and are, very prominent people. That is why.” His voice held a tone of irritation at Will’s words. He didn’t ask to be born here.

“Still, lots of people could use this.” Will lived in a small community that took care of each other. There was really no such thing as a single family home unless you were lucky. It was how people got by. Together, as a whole unit. A village of urban proportions. Hannibal shook off the irritation, and let out a long sigh.

“Where did you grow up?” Hannibal asked after just a moment of thought. It was only fair. Especially since he was being judgemental. William was quiet for a moment, wondering if he should tell him one of the many stories he told strangers who asked where he lived, or where his mommy was. He also thought about just ignoring the question. Though Hannibal didn’t seem like the kind of guy who would let that fly. So he decided to tell a half truth.

“Little place in Louisiana. Not near as big as this. We live good though, and that’s why we can travel.” He fibbed, “We just like to be free, y’know? It’s real nice because it’s just me and daddy, so we get to do whatever we want!” Hannibal absorbed this information. He could smell a lie from a mile away. Quite literally. Adrenaline had a sour, feral smell, and he caught a strong whiff of Will’s. Hannibal’s lips turned down in a frown at that,

“Interesting, I’ve been to New Orleans before, it was quite dirty.” He noted, deciding not to confront Will just yet. However he would give him a little something to be pissed at for the time being. Wills response was a scowl, muddled by ice cream sticking to his cheeks.

“It ain’t fuckin dirty!” He snarled, and Hannibal actually recoiled. He wasn’t expecting that reaction. What a feral boy indeed. “It’s a nice place! Nicer than this place!” Of course that wasn’t the truth. Their little trailer was hardly anything at all. Will threw a fist, and he popped Hannibal right square in the nose. He staggered back from it, and cupped his face with watering eyes. Will just stood there, perhaps in a bit of shock for what he did. He then

dropped what was left of his drippy ice cream and ran back the way he came. Hannibal tried to call for him, but it was a faint echo as Will tore back to their dumpy home.

Will had long finished crying by the time he got home, but the dirt smudges gave it away. Breathlessly he called to his father that he was home. There was no reply, so he went into the kitchen for something to eat. The smell of mildew was stronger in the kitchen, most likely due to the drip under the sink. It was surface cleaned at least, but still dingy and smoke stained. The fridge revealed nothing but a foul smell. Something had been left behind last year, and it hadn't fared well. He quickly disposed of it, and gave up on finding food. It was all still on the boat. With a sound of defeat he sank onto the couch. Now he was not only lonely, but hungry too. His knuckles felt a bit sore as well.

A loud noise made Will jump from the nap he didn't realize he was taking. It was the door swinging open. "William, come help me." His father's familiar voice soothed him, and he hopped up to help despite still feeling blurry.

A friend of his dad's had let him use his truck to haul their stuff over to the house. Will helped move their meager belongings into the house, especially excited about the food he was putting in the fridge.

"Goddamn boy, is that smell you?" His father asked, a crooked grin spreading his lips. Will smiled shyly,

"No daddy, somethin' got left in the fridge." He explained, and his dad just grunted in response to that. It didn't take long to finish unpacking. The sun was just beginning to dip below the horizon, and Will went to see if he could get some TV channels to come in.

Morning came all too soon. Will had stayed up the night before watching TV long after his father had retired for the night. He was now just pouring himself cereal like a zombie. Daddy had left for work before the sun risen, and now it was nearly noon. Just as he was about to take a big ol mouth full of cocoa pebbles, there was a knock at the door that made him jump. He huffed, and got up to answer it. Probably one of his dad's friends hoping to catch him. It was quite the shock to see Hannibal standing there. His clothes were still fancy, but now his pants were replaced with shorts. Still a lot of layers despite the humidity. Will blocked the sun from his eyes as he opened the door,

“What do you want?” Hannibal’s nose had a small split in it, but it didn’t seem to be broken. His chin retracted ever so slightly at such a rude greeting,

“Why did you hit me?” Will nervously looked around to make sure no one else was there to jump him. Although there were no immediate signs, he didn’t completely relax.

“You were mean. I get upset easily.” Was the best he could do to explain. Temper ran in the family. Hannibal seemed displeased with that explanation, but he nodded.

“Don’t do it again.” He ordered, which of course made Will bristle. ‘ *You aint the boss of me.’* He growled inwardly, but nodded. “May I come in?” Will shuffled out of the way, grimacing. His house was disgusting compared to the pristine conditions Hannibal was accustomed to. That was reflected by the look on Hannibal’s face as he entered the home. Hannibal’s nose wrinkled as if he smelled something, perhaps it was the mildew or whatever had lived in the fridge while they had been gone. Whatever it was, Will’s hackles were up.

“Want something to drink?” Of course Hannibal wanted to refuse that offer, but knew better. This was one feral pup he had in front of him.

“Water, please.” was his simple reply. Will thought about spitting in it. He didn’t want Hannibal to be so keen on him. Better Hannibal just didn’t like him so he could stay at the boatyard with his daddy. Yet here this prudish person sat, now the one out of place. He brought him the water, and Hannibal took it. The younger of them didn’t miss that he didn’t even take an actual drink. He pressed it to his lips, but surely the water was not pristine enough for his pallette.

The small talk was painfully forced as they sipped their water and Hannibal surveyed the house with detest. Finally Will let out a loud huff,

“Why the fuck are you still here?!” It was an accusing statement, and Hannibal’s chin tucked like a pissy cat.

“I don’t know, truly. You interest me. You’re feral.” He decided to leave out the part that he thought Will smelled nice.

“You’re such a judgemental ass. Go back to your hoity toity shit.” he demanded, but all Hannibal did was just stare at him.

“No, I don’t want to do that.” This made Will want to punch him in the face again. He didn’t understand this boy. He didn’t want to understand him. Plus he was a bossy imbecile.

Silence dominated the conversation for nearly a half hour, before Hannibal finally spoke just to break the humid silence,

“What do you do around here?” The sudden speech made Will jump just a bit.

“Watch tv… Go fishing, and sometimes I play in the woods.” The last bit sounded a lot less boring than the other two options to Hannibal.

“What do you do in the woods?” Will wasn’t sure he wanted to reveal this part of him to the prudish boy, but he relented.

“Follow me, and I’ll show ya.” He then ran out the door, and down the path into the woods. Hannibal quickly got up and followed, admittedly struggling to keep up with the limber cub. Will led them deep into the woods, eventually straying off the beaten path, down a deer trail. Hannibal’s bare legs were not enjoying the branches and occasional thorns that struck it. His shoes were not doing much better. It was a wonder how Will could navigate with no shoes at all.

After a few minutes, Will was back on another trail. Will found himself rather impressed that Hannibal was keeping up, and so easily too. His nice clothing seemed to be all sorts of busted up though. However, Will figured he probably had plenty of those anyways.

It was just another moment and they broke out into a small clearing in the dense trees. The sun still didn't reach down, and the air smelled damp and earthy. Bones littered the forest floor. Not in random scattered formation, like an animal would leave. No, this was neatly organized. Skulls in their own spot, femurs in another, antlers hanging on tree branches.

"This is yours?" Hannibal was astonished, and it slipped through his cool facade, painted all over his face. Will was pleased, he figured it would be much harder to impress someone as fancy as Hannibal.

"Yea! I've collected them since we started comin' here. So… four years." He mused, and Hannibal began carefully examining each one. A tiny bird skull, a possum, in near entirety save for a few vertebra, quite a few deer bones, including: skulls, antlers, hooves, and other miscellaneous bones. It was truly a spectacular display, obviously Will had taken time to put this together. The intricacy was not lost to Hannibal,

"This is a truly impressive collection. What did you use to clean them?" Will puffed up at the compliment,

"Bleach we had sitting around. A lot of them I found mostly clean though. No cleanin' required." This of course made Hannibal a little more hesitant to touch some of the bones. However, Will didn't seem to be diseased, so there wasn't much worry for himself. He hoped. Delicate hands picked up a small bird skull,

"How do you preserve them?" Will rolled his eyes then,

"You know not everything has to be a process. A science. Nature gave me these, and eventually nature will take 'em back." It socked Hannibal much harder than the punch to his nose did. That was beautiful, poetry to his ears nearly.

"So what happens when she takes them back then?" He was intrigued more than ever. Pleased Will had a semi-morbid curiosity. Perhaps he could coax more of that out of him. There was a beast crawling beneath that boys skin that he wanted to capture.

“She gives me new ones. Everything dies eventually, and these woods seem to be a peaceful place for animals to come and slip away. This clearing is where I found that deer.” Will pointed to said deer bones with a grubby finger. Hannibal abandoned the bird skull to examine the deer. Near perfect, and arranged as if the animal had laid to rest right in that spot. Perhaps it had, but he didn’t want to sound stupid to Will.

The afternoon was spent discussing the different bones, current ones that occupied the hallowed ground, and those of the past. Hannibal inquired, poked, prodded, and discussed as much as he could. He liked to see the brightness Will’s eyes took while talking about these things. He even found himself playing stupid, just to hear Will talk more and ‘teach’ him about them.

Once the sun started to set, the woods cast deep shadows, hardly lit by the fading lights.

“I think I should get home now. Daddy will be home, I gotta make dinner.” Hannibal agreed, and followed Will out of the darkening space. At the treeline they parted ways. Both Hannibal and Will shared identical feelings. Loneliness that boiled up from their gut and into their chests, like bad heartburn.

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